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609

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

GUGGENHEIM
CHECCHETTO
ROSS
MAGYAR
D'AURIA

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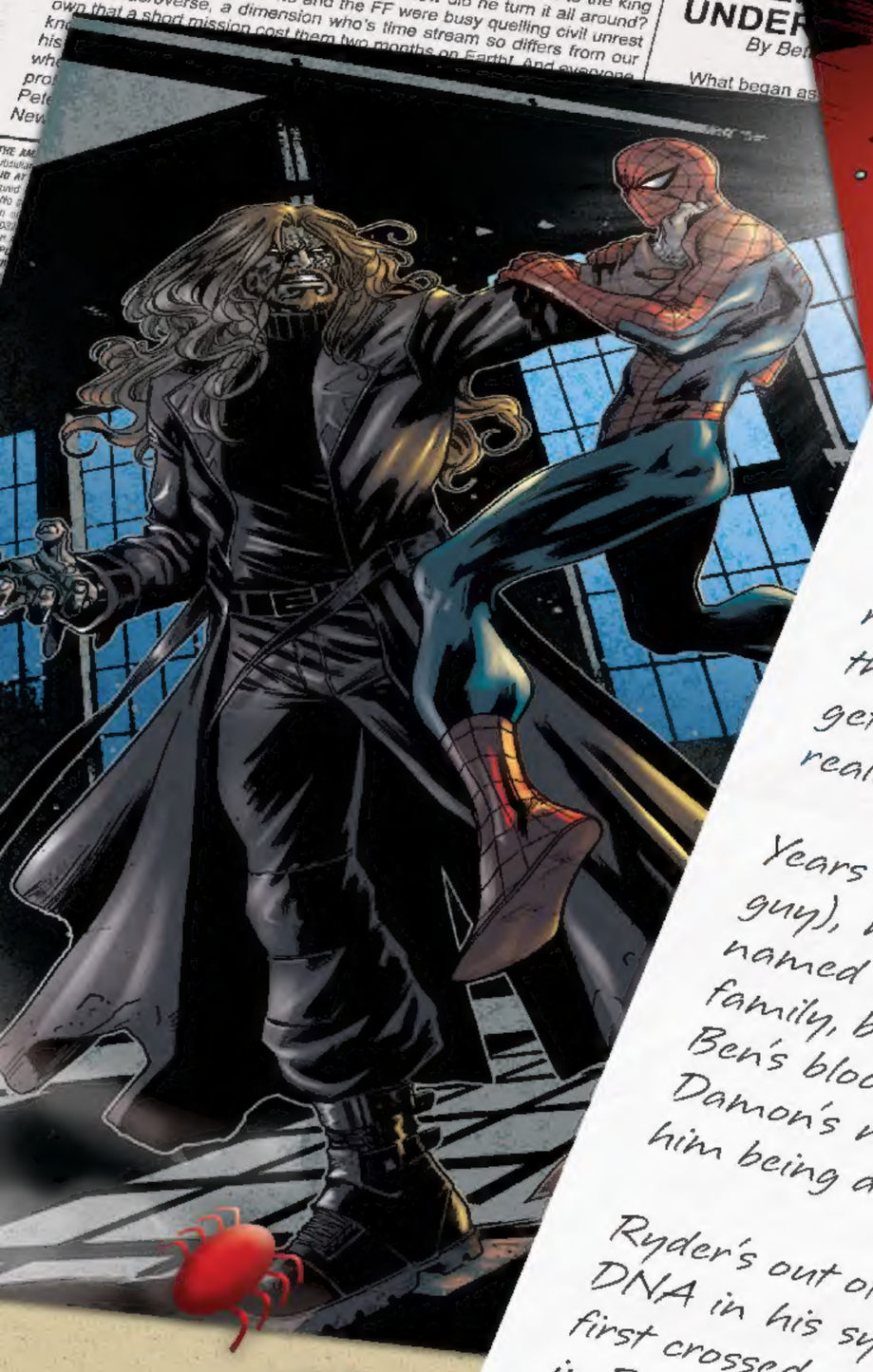
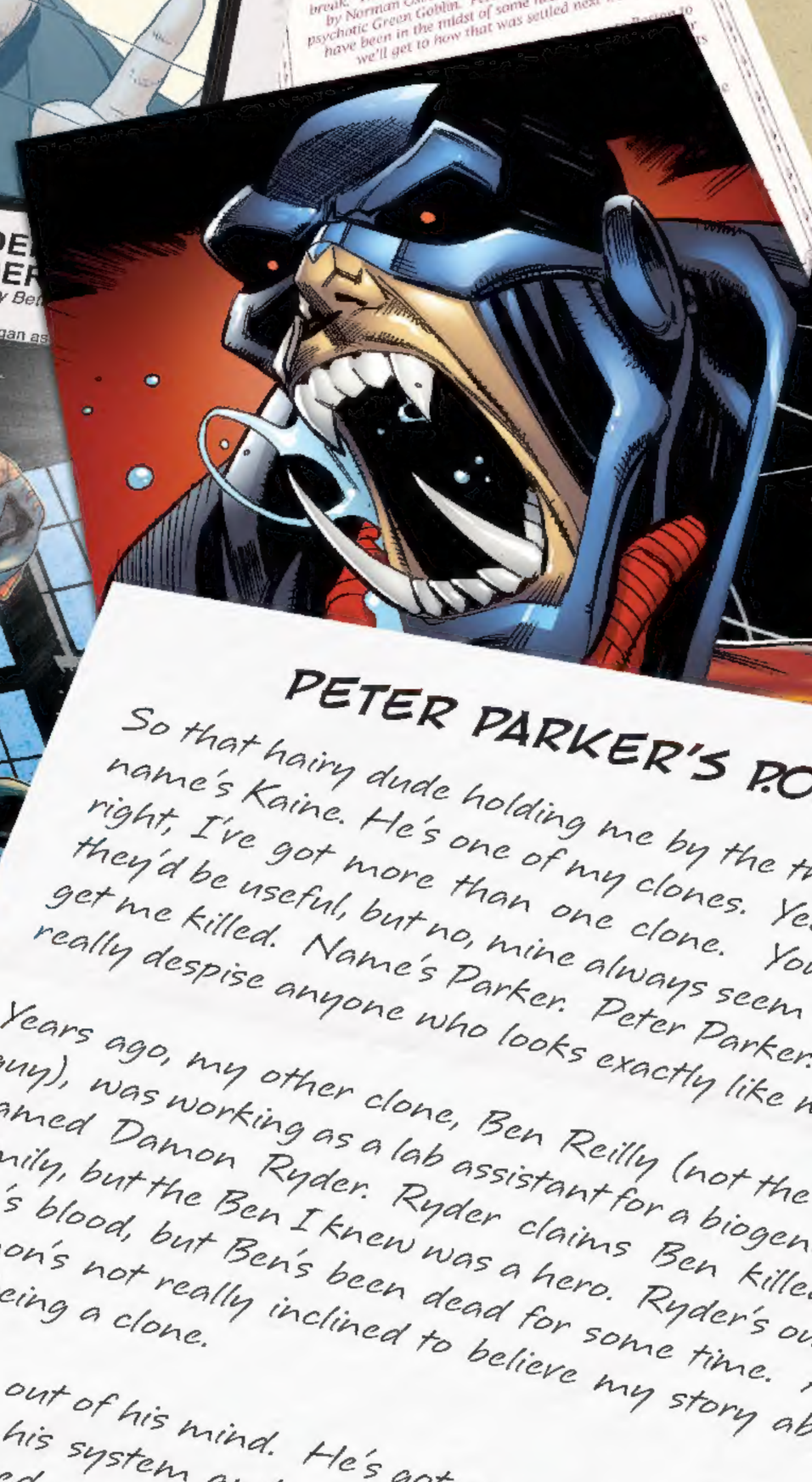
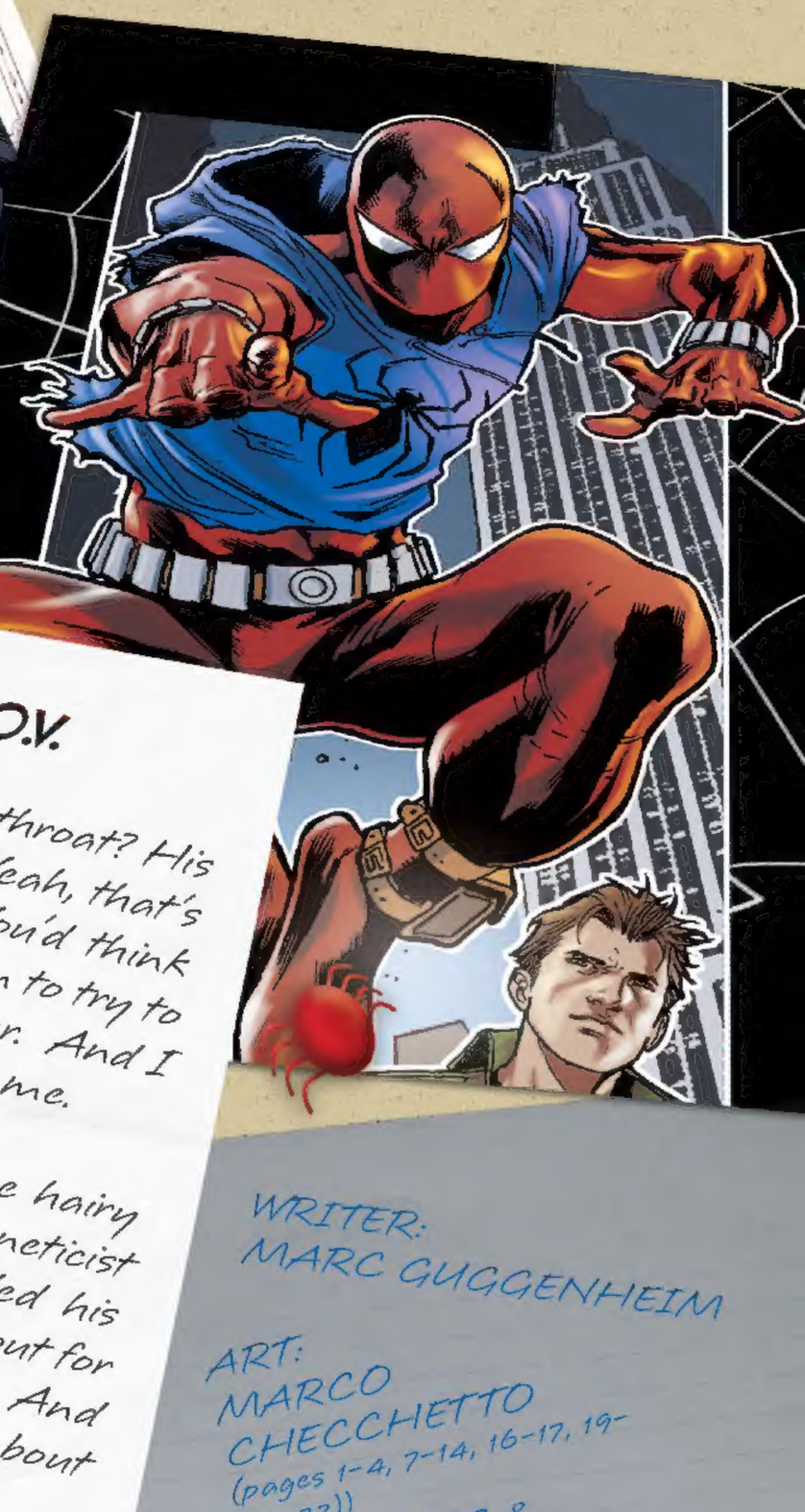
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

THE DB! FOR EVERY BRAND NEWS DAY!
THE DB
SPIDER-MAN NO MORE? WITH NO SIGN OF THE WEB-HEAD THESE PAST TWO MONTHS AND J. JONAH JAMESON'S SUDDEN ASCENT TO POWER, DB SOURCES BELIEVE HE MAY HAVE BEEN INSTRUMENTAL IN MAKING THE HERO DISAPPEAR. IS OUR NEW MAYOR A MURDERER? MORE ON PAGE Y46!
APRIL 22, 2009
WEDNESDAY
MAYOR JONAH JAMESON!!!
VOTE JJJ!
Mayor J. Jonah Jameson. Yes, THE J. Jonah Jameson is mayor of New York. How did it happen? When we last saw Jonah J., he was recovering from a heart attack and wondering what to do with his life now that his wife Marla sold the Daily Bugle out from under him to the king of slimeball journalism, Dexter Bennett. How did he turn it all around? Spidey couldn't tell you – he and the FF were busy quelling civil unrest in the Macroverse, a dimension who's time stream so differs from our







PETER PARKER'S P.O.V.

So that hairy dude holding me by the throat? His name's Kaine. He's one of my clones. Yeah, that's right, I've got more than one clone. You'd think they'd be useful, but no, mine always seem to try to get me killed. Name's Parker. Peter Parker. And I really despise anyone who looks exactly like me.

Years ago, my other clone, Ben Reilly (not the hairy guy), was working as a lab assistant for a biogeneticist named Damon Ryder. Ryder claims Ben killed his family, but the Ben I knew was a hero. Ryder's out for Ben's blood, but Ben's been dead for some time. And Damon's not really inclined to believe my story about him being a clone.

Ryder's out of his mind. He's got some sort of Dinosaur DNA in his system and goes by the name Raptor. We first crossed paths at my Aunt May's engagement party in Boston. Nearly killed me and May's whole Reilly family (who thankfully survived to mooch off my Aunt's house, taking in my broke pal, Harry Osborn).

Ryder came to Front Line's offices to publicly confront me, but Ben Urich called the cops on him. Still, people are getting suspicious. I tracked down Ryder's base of operations...and that's where I found my buddy, Kaine.

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ONCE UPON A TIME...

THERE WAS A *BOY* WHO GOT SPIDER POWERS.

AND THERE WAS ALSO A *MAD SCIENTIST* WHO WANTED TO *CLONE* THE BOY.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT DIDN'T GO TOO WELL AND THE RESULT BECAME THE *MONSTER* OF THIS LITTLE FAIRY TALE.

HI, KAINE.

HOW YOU DOING?

WHAT THE HOPPING HECK IS *HE* DOING HERE?

LONG TIME, NO SEE.

GET IT?

REALLY WOULD'VE LIKED TO'VE KEPT IT THAT WAY.

THWIP

THAT'S *REALLY*, BY THE WAY, NOT *REILLY*, A NAME WHICH I KNOW SETS YOU OFF.

SPEAKING OF MR. REILLY, YOU DO KNOW I'M NOT HIM, RIGHT?

I KNOW WE SHARE THE SAME GOOD LOOKS AND WASHBOARD ABS, BUT ACTUALLY YOU CAN TELL US APART BY THE FACT THAT ONE OF US IS DEAD AND THE OTHER *ISN'T*.

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

DAY'S YOUNG.

THAT BURNING TOUCH OF HIS STILL BURNS THROUGH WEBS. AH, MEMORIES.

SERIOUSLY, I THOUGHT WE WERE BUDS. WELL, NOT "*BUDS*" EXACTLY, BUT AT LEAST GUYS WHO DON'T TRY TO KILL EACH OTHER.

FOR EXAMPLE. URCH--

YOU SAY ALL THAT AS IF THERE'S A *DIFFERENCE* BETWEEN YOU AND REILLY.

THE GUY'S DEAD. HOW BIG A *DIFFERENCE* DO YOU WANT?

YOU WERE *IDENTICAL* IN EVERY WAY THAT MATTERS. YOU'VE NO BUSINESS *LIVING* ANY MORE THAN HE DOES.

THWAM

I MENTIONED THAT HE'S *NOT* LIVING, RIGHT?

HOLD STILL AND THAT'LL BE JUST ONE *MORE* THING YOU HAVE IN COMMON WITH HIM.

SURE. NO PROBLEM. YOU PROMISE IT WON'T HURT?

YOU WON'T PROMISE?

WELL, TO HELL WITH *THAT*, THEN.

CHAK

NOT EXACTLY THE REUNION I WAS HOPING FOR, KAINE. MAKES ME SAD.

JUST HELP ME OUT WITH SOMETHING: WHAT BRINGS A MURDEROUS PSYCHO LIKE YOU BACK?

I'M BETTING IT'S NOT A *COINCIDENCE* YOU COME BACK INTO MY LIFE THE SAME TIME DAMON RYDER SHOWS UP WITH A MAD ON FOR BEN REILLY.

CRAAAASSSSSH

I'M NOT "*BACK IN YOUR LIFE.*" I'M HERE FOR RYDER.

SO YOU CAN OFFER HIM MEMBERSHIP IN THE "*WE WANT TO KILL BEN REILLY EVEN THOUGH HE'S ALREADY DEAD*" FAN CLUB?

CRAK

I *NEED* HIM.

YEAH, WELL I NEED A VIDEO MUSIC AWARD, BUT YOU DON'T SEE ME ATTACKING TAYLOR SWIFT.

WHICH REMINDS ME... IF I DON'T TAKE DOWN KANYE... *WHO WILL?!*

MY BODY... IT'S BREAKING DOWN. I'M DYING, ONE CELL AT A TIME.

AND THIS HAS TO DO WHAT WITH RYDER?

HE CAN *STOP* IT.

NOT A COINCIDENCE? CLEARLY SPIDER-MAN IS NOT FAMILIAR WITH GUGGENHEIM'S WRITING.
--WACKER

SLOTT YOU, STEVE. I'M QUITTING THIS BOOK AFTER NEXT ISSUE.
--GUGGENHEIM

"HE CAN SAVE MY LIFE."

Then.

CARE TO REPEAT THAT, REILLY?

HAPPY TO. WHAT ARE YOU DOING, EXPERIMENTING ON YOURSELF?

ACTUALLY, LET ME REPHRASE THAT: WHAT ARE YOU DOING, INJECTING YOURSELF WITH ENGINEERED *DINOSAUR DNA?*

ARE YOU *TRYING* TO KILL YOURSELF?!

NO.

THAT'S TOO BAD, RYDER, 'CAUSE YOU'RE DOING A DAMN GOOD IMPRESSION OF IT.

DO I *LOOK* DEAD TO YOU, BEN?

WE DON'T KNOW *WHAT* THAT GENETIC MONSOON'S DOING TO YOUR BODY--

I DO.

INCREASED ENERGY.

HEIGHTENED SENSES.

ENHANCED STRENGTH--

DAMON--

THIS ISN'T A *RESEARCH PROJECT* ANYMORE, BEN. THIS IS NO LONGER SOME QUIXOTIC ATTEMPT TO PROVE A DINOSAUR/MAN HYBRID'S THE MISSING LINK.

THIS HAS *MEDICAL* APPLICATION. *MILITARY* APPLICATION. THIS IS PHARMACEUTICALS FOR THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY AND BEYOND.

THIS IS TWO *TRILLION* DOLLARS A YEAR--

THIS IS YOU OUT OF CONTROL, DAMON!

GET YOUR HAND OFF--

I SAID GET YOUR DAMN HANDS OFF ME!

NO CAN DO. SORRY.

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?!

WAS GONNA ASK *YOU* THE SAME QUESTION.

OKAY, SO HERE'S HOW THIS IS GOING TO GO DOWN...

IDIOT! I'M GOING TO SAVE THE WORLD!

YOU'RE GONNA STAY HERE AND CALM DOWN. WHILE I FIND A DOCTOR OR TWENTY.

AND ONCE THEY FIGURE OUT A WAY TO ***STABILIZE*** YOU, YOU AND ME ARE GONNA FIGURE OUT A WAY TO ***PURGE*** THIS DINO-CRAP FROM YOUR SYSTEM.

BEN--

THIS STUFF'S MESSING WITH YOUR HEAD, DAMON. I'M SURE 'CAUSE THE GUY I KNOW--MY PARTNER IN THIS--HE'D NEVER RAISE A HAND TO ANYBODY.

THIS IS THE FUTURE, BEN!

I'VE SEEN THE *FUTURE*!

"THAT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD..."

...BUT IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA LET YOU RUN AROUND LOOSE--

--EVEN IF IT'S TO HARASS QUIRKBALLS LIKE DAMON--

--YOU'RE COMPLETELY *NUTS*.

THOUGH THAT PROBABLY DOESN'T BOTHER YOU SINCE YOU ACTUALLY ARE, Y'KNOW, *NUTS*.

THWIP

THWACK

THWIP

THWACK

INSANITY, LIKE BEAUTY, IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER, PETER.

"PETER"? GUESS IT MAKES SENSE THAT MY OWN CLONE WOULD REMEMBER MY IDENTITY AFTER EVERYONE ELSE FORGOT.

SKERCRUNCHICH

IF YOU WERE ME, YOU'D REACT TO A LIFETIME OF TORMENT EXACTLY THE SAME WAY.

I KNOW BECAUSE YOU *ARE* ME.

I THINK IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND, ACTUALLY.

SWSH

SHRAAA

...THAT IT'S NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE TO *CATCH* A CAB IN THIS CITY.

HERE WE ARE. DON'T FORGET TO CHECK YOUR BELONGINGS AND ASK FOR A RECEIPT.

Moments Later.

FIGURES KAINE WOULD TAKE THIS LITTLE OPPORTUNITY TO BOLT.

SPIDER-MAN. ATTENTION SPIDER-MAN...

THIS IS SCREWBALL, COMING AT YOU LIVE-TO-TAPE VIA THE WONDERS OF THE INTERNET.

HEY, IS YOUR CAB TALKING TO ME?

I'VE HACKED INTO NYC'S GYPSY CAB FLEET TO BRING YOU THIS SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT...

OH, YOU HAVE *SO* GOT TO BE KIDDING ME WITH THIS...

THIS MESSAGE IS REPLAYING AT RANDOM INTERVALS FOR THE NEXT TWELVE HOURS.

APOLOGIES, TOURISTS AND NEW YORKERS, BUT IT'S NOT LIKE I'VE GOT SPIDER-MAN'S EMAIL ADDRESS, Y'KNOW?

SURE YOU DO. IT'S GIVEMEABREAK@ BITEME.COM.

THE INTERNET'S A COMPETITIVE PLACE. YOU'RE ALWAYS AT RISK OF LOSING YOUR VIEWERS.

HECK, HYPNO-HUSTLER JUST WENT LIVE WITH HIS SITE, TRYING TO HORN IN ON MY ACTION.

SO I'VE GOT TO UP MY GAME HERE AND I'VE NOTICED THAT HITS TO MY SITE SHOOT UP EIGHTY-FIVE PERCENT WHENEVER YOU AND I TUSSLE--

THAT'S MORE TRAFFIC THAN I GET FOR THE M.O.D.O.K. COSPLAY, WHICH IS REALLY SAYING SOMETHING.

--SO I'M CALLING YOU OUT. YOU AND ME, MANO A CUTE-O.

IS THIS FOR REAL?

UMM...I... REALLY WOULDN'T KNOW...

THIS IS FOR REAL.

IT MAY SEEM DESPERATE, BUT WITH THE ECONOMY IN THE TOILET, ROBBING BANKS ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE AND, WELL, I'VE STILL GOT ADVERTISERS TO SATISFY, Y'KNOW?

SO LET ME SEE IF I'VE GOT THIS RIGHT...

A DAY CAN'T GO BY WITHOUT ***MAYOR JAMESON*** ISSUING SOME NEW PUBLIC ORDINANCE AGAINST YOURS TRULY...

HALF THE CITY THINKS I'M A THREAT AND THE OTHER HALF THINKS I'M A MENACE...

MY PUBLIC APPROVAL RATING NEVER BREAKS DOUBLE-DIGITS ON A ***GOOD*** DAY...

AND I'M SUPPOSED TO FRET OVER BASICALLY A GLORIFIED TWITTERER CALLING ME OUT?

NOW I KNOW WHY SHE CALLS HERSELF "*SCREWBALL*." CASE CLOSED.

LESS CLOSED, OF COURSE, IS KAINE. THE CLONE DANGER IS IN THE WIND, OF COURSE.

AND DAMON NEVER BOTHERED TO COME BACK TO HIS SECRET LAB/ WHATNOT. EQUALLY OF COURSE.

WHICH BEGS THE QUESTION: EXACTLY WHERE IS--HE--?

HEY, I'M HOME. PLEASE WARN ME IF YOU'RE GOING TO HIT--

WHAT'S THIS?

THE PORTLAND NEWS. THIS IS THE SAME--THIS IS THE SAME ARTICLE RYDER WAS WAVING AROUND THE FRONT LINE OFFICES--

MICHELE!

LAST ISH. --WACKER

IF RYDER--

MICHELE!

MICHELE, ARE YOU IN THERE?!

MICHELE--!

ARE YOU--?

OH MY GOD...

...I AM SO DEAD.

DREAM THEATER

PARKER!

Nelson & Murdock

Vin's hearing Tues. 9:30 AM

Murdock's Law Journal

YOU ARE SO DEAD!

IT'S CALLED "KNOCKING," YOU SELFISH TURDWAD!

I'M SO SORRY, I--I CALLED OUT AND YOU DIDN'T ANSWER AND I--

PLEASE DON'T LIGHT ME ON FIRE.

I WAS LISTENING TO MUSIC, YOU DOPE. SORRY I'M NOT ON HIGH ALERT FOR YOUR *EVERY* CALL!

YOU'RE NOT?

IS THIS A SUICIDE ATTEMPT?

NO, BUT IF IT WAS, YOU CAN BET I'D BE REALLY SCARED RIGHT NOW--

I'M A CRIMINAL DEFENSE ATTORNEY, REMEMBER?

I COULD GET ***HALF*** MY CLIENT LIST TO ***KILL*** YOU AS PAYMENT FOR SERVICES RENDERED.

MAYBE, BUT IF THEY'RE YOUR CLIENTS, THAT MEANS THEY GOT ***ARRESTED***, WHICH MEANS THEY'RE OBVIOUSLY NOT VERY GOOD AT--

THERE WAS THIS ARTICLE LEFT ON THE COFFEE TABLE--

YOUR ***FRIEND*** LEFT IT FOR YOU.

MY FRIEND?

YOU'RE RIGHT. FORGET THEM. THERE'S A STEAK KNIFE IN THE KITCHEN THAT'LL DO JUST FINE.

WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU ***THINKING***, STORMING INTO MY ROOM-- VIOLATING MY ***PRIVACY***--

YEAH, I WAS SURPRISED. HE ADMITTED IT, TOO.

WHAT, DID HE LEAVE IT BECAUSE YOU LOOK LIKE THE GUY IN THE SKETCH OR SOMETHING?

SOMETHING.

HE SAID YOU'D KNOW WHY HE LEFT IT.

YOU TALKED TO HIM?

LOOK, DRAMA QUEEN, I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THE JEALOUSY I'M SENSING HERE?

DID HE HURT YOU?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, PARKER?

YOU'RE OKAY--

BETTER THAN YOU.

WHAT IS IT?

I DON'T KNOW...

I ACTUALLY RESPECT PEOPLE'S...

HERE. YOUR FRIEND LEFT THIS FOR YOU.

...PRIVACY.

"I DON'T KNOW..."

Then.

NO ONE'S EVER INJECTED THEMSELVES WITH DINO DNA, AS FAR AS I'M AWARE--

UNLESS YOU COUNT ***STEGRON***-- AND IF YOU SAW HOW THAT TURNED OUT, YOU'D KNOW WHY I WAS WORRIED.

HAS HE SHOWN ANY SIGNS OF INFECTION, OF SICKNESS--

JUST MOOD SWINGS--

WELL, THAT COULD BE A SIGN OF SOME INFECTIONS.

BUT GENETIC MANIPULATION WOULDN'T PRESENT AS AN INFECTION.

THEN WHAT DO YOU NEED ME FOR?

TO ***SEDATE*** HIM.

ONCE HE'S CALMED DOWN, WE'LL NEED TO CHECK HIM FOR--

SO, MISTER REILLY...

...WHERE IS HE?

"WHERE DID HE GO, MICHELE?"

HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW?

HE MUST'VE COME HERE LOOKING FOR ME. DID HE SAY HE'D BE BACK? DID HE SAY *ANYTHING?*

JUST THAT HE WAS GONNA PAY A VISIT ON YOUR COUSINS.

WHAT--?

HE SAID HE'S A LONGTIME FAMILY FRIEND OF THE REILLYS.

I TOLD HIM THEY WERE STAYING WITH YOUR PAL HARRY AT YOUR AUNT'S HOUSE--

NO, YOU DIDN'T--

PETER, YOU'RE REALLY WEIRDING ME OUT HERE--

I HAVE TO BORROW YOUR CELL--

ABSOLUTELY NOT--

SORRY. MY BATTERY'S DEAD--

HERE. DO ME A FAVOR. STAY IN A HOTEL TONIGHT.

NICE TRY, BUT--

MICHELE, PLEASE. I'M SERIOUS...

DON'T LET ANYONE IN. NOT EVEN ME.

WELL, I'M AHEAD OF YOU ON THAT--

THE GUY'S DANGEROUS. FRONT LINE DID A...UM...A STORY ON HIM AND HE'S NOT A HAPPY CAMPER.

JUST-- HOTEL.

GO.

NOW.

PLEASE.

AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

"PETER--!"

NO ANSWER AT AUNT MAY'S HOUSE.

NO ANSWER ON HARRY'S CELL.

I SEND *ONE TEXT* MESSAGE AS AN INSURANCE POLICY BEFORE HEADING OUT TO FOREST HILLS.

FIRST THING I SHOULD'VE DONE WAS MAKE SURE THE REILLYS WERE ALRIGHT.

VERY FIRST THING.

AND NOW THAT ONE MISTAKE--

NO. DON'T GO THERE. FOR ALL YOU KNOW, THEY MIGHT JUST BE OUT AT A *MOVIE*...

DON'T PANIC.

"BEN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

Then.

I DON'T WANT TO BOTHER YOU AND THE KIDS, LAURA, BUT IS DAMON HOME?

YES, HE'S--

WHOA-- WHAT'S THE RUSH?

SORRY, I NEED TO SEE HIM. WHERE IS HE?

WHERE DO YOU THINK?

IN HIS STUDY. HE SAID HE WASN'T FEELING WELL. I TRIED TO GET HIM TO LIE DOWN, BUT HE SAID HE HAD WORK TO DO--

OKAY--

BEN, YOU'RE FRIGHTENING ME--

SORRY. EVERYTHING'S FINE. I JUST NEED TO TALK TO DAMON ABOUT... SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED IN THE LAB TODAY.

EVERYTHING'S FINE.

Now.

HELLO?! HELLO?!

IT'S PETE! I'M COMING IN, ALRIGHT--

HARRY--!

PETER...

PETER... GET OUTTA HERE. CALL NINE-ONE--

HARRY--

IS THAT "PETER"?

PLEASE, MISTER OSBORN, ASK YOUR FRIEND TO *JOIN* US.

AFTER ALL...

...HE'S THE GUEST OF HONOR.

"DAMON..."

Then.

...DAMON, IT'S ME. IT'S BEN. I--

ACTUALLY, I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE...

I THINK SOMETHING'S GONE AWRY WITH MY LITTLE EXPERIMENT.

THERE YOU ARE...

"I PROBABLY DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN THIS, NOW DO I?"

...REILLY.

I MEAN, IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS, ISN'T IT?

YOU KILLED MY FAMILY AND NOW I'M GOING TO KILL *YOURS* WHILE YOU WATCH.

PETER--

YES... "PETER?"

AND WHILE WE'RE AT IT, WHY DON'T YOU TELL HIM WHO YOU *REALLY* ARE?

FUNNY YOU SHOULD PUT IT THAT WAY, BUDDY.

BECAUSE IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO SAVE EVERYONE, THAT'S WHAT I'M GONNA DO...

Next: Secrets No More!

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL

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The letters keep rolling in on ASM #600, so let's get to it.

Dear Spider-Mail

Cracked open ASM #600 and I gotta say I loved it! First off, a tip of the hat to Mark Waid. "My Brother's Son" knew how to tug at the heart strings, good job Waid!

Loved the art throughout the book (and those covers never meant to see the light of day? HILARIOUS!) and Slott powered through all those pages with an amazing wit that's classic Spidey. "Last Legs" was genius.

Why hasn't Parker been on a real date since the start of BND? Seriously, if readers had to survive the imagery of the pruny two-backed beast, we should be rewarded with SOMETHING. It's not like there's a shortage of characters, between Norah, Carlie and even Michele Gonzales, I'm sure Petey can at least get a short dinner comically interrupted by Shocker. Look forward to answers.

Mikie Acevedo
Chicago, IL

I am appalled that you would call 599's letter column "the last letter column in an issue of ASM whose issue number begins with a 5."

Let me tell you, sir, that I have faith that this series will one day make it to a starting digit of 5 again. Apparently you don't have the faith that I do in our beloved wall-crawler. Clearly you won't be around due to your lack of faith, but I'll write back to congratulate the team in charge of issue #5000 in about 122 years (assuming you continue to publish 3 per month).

Steve Clinton.
Mathematics Instructor
Roseville High School

An excellent point, Steve. The students at Roseville high school are clearly in good – if excessively picayune – hands.

However you are clearly unaware of the many decades of work on the MarketingDepartonium FictoNominals which hypothesize a radical departure from current numbering theoretics.

Simply put, in the future (if current Gregorian Calenderical models hold steady), numericals such as your "5" will be replaced in such a manner as to make every issue a single unit representative.

In other words, in 122 years every issue will be a number 1. (I can hear Jeph Loeb's accountant dancing from here).

This issue and the excellent "American Son" storyline has set me up to keep ASM on my pull list for a long time.

I have just one question: The joke made by Spider-Man when he was in the Fantasticar with Johnny where he says, "Wahhh they had to call me in, remember?" is that in the spirit of Artie Lange?

Scott Dahl
Via e-mail

Baba Booey.

Dear Spidey-makers,

I noticed a letter in the back of your book from a fellow named "Moe" and I have to agree that the lettering on the last few issues have been stellar, though every time I REALLY liked them, I noticed Chris Eliopoulos' name was listed in the credits.

He's AWESOMESAUCE! Much better than that Caramagna slouch. Is that the same guy who writes Lockjaw and the Pet Avengers? That is awesome as well. So please pass along my congratulations to Mr. Eliopoulos. In conclusion, Caramagna is overrated and Eliopoulos is the bestest in the whole wide world.

Sincerely,
Bliss Stupidopoulos

P.S. Boo, St. Louis Cardinals.

Thanks, Bliss. It's been hard keeping Chris employed with his recent jail time and his inability to spell his last name, but it's always a pleasure to help out doddering misanthropics when I can. (You too, Brevoort!)

Oh and no, the letterer who writes *Lockjaw and the Pet Avengers* is really Todd Klein working under a pen name. Hope that helps.

PS: Hope you don't mind I took the liberty of fixing the myriad grammatical errors and wiping the mashed chicken pudding off your letter (how'd you get pudding on an e-mail? Now THAT'S sloppy). Go Cards!

Hi All,

2009 has been a big year. In March, I visited Spidey's turf, NYC for the first time, on July 1 my son (and future Spidey fan) Elias was born. and now I have waited until ASM #600 to send in my first letter.

Like many I had been eagerly anticipating ASM #600. However, on the Saturday before the issue was to be released my family, including our 3 week old son was evacuated from our home due to a series of wild fires burning here in Kelowna.

Being evacuated with a newborn is a trying experience. We were evacuated for five days. It was emotional and exhausting. On the day that we were able to return home, I made a point of stopping into my local comic shop to pick up my copy of ASM #600 and I wanted to say thank you.

That night, after sleeping only a handful of hours in the previous week, I flipped through ASM #600. I've been collecting Amazing Spider-Man comics since I was a kid and over the years I have stopped at times but something has always drawn me back. I, like many, was confused and at times unhappy with the new direction of Spidey with BRAND NEW DAY and a few other storylines. I am one of the perhaps few that appreciated the marriage of Pete and MJ and was scratching my head when you wiped it clean. So as a wearily read ASM #600, a smile broke out as on the last page Mary Jane Watson was back. This is why I wanted to thank you. The Amazing Spider-Man is once again "amazing."

You were able to take me away from the trials of my own life helping forget about the terrible week that my family had experienced. I hope that Pete and MJ get back together, for that is something that is simply meant to be. I hope that you print this letter so that I can show it to my son as I introduce him to the Amazing Spider-Man. Congratulations on 600 amazing issues. Thank you for the great stories over the years.

Jody Nimetz
Kelowna, BC, Canada

Very sorry about your bad week, Jody. I know firsthand the stress of bringing home a newborn and can't imagine what a rough time it must have been for your family. The boy sounds like he's in good hands though and the Spidey-office sends the Nimetzes its very best. (Well I do anyway, Brennan reminds me that he raised his seven kids in his backyard, giving them agility training by having them dodge lawn darts and bowling pins 12 hours a day. Wow, the things a 44-year-old assistant editor can teach you about raising a child.)

Speaking of "Temperate" Tom Brennan, Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade watchers can see the toupee'd one himself on TV this year as one of the handlers of the newly revamped Spider-Man balloon. Check your listings and find him. I'll try and post a picture here too afterwards.

I make light of Brennan a lot on this page...and in the office....and at home... and in my car....and with strangers... but this guy is all over New York doing exciting things on a daily basis, using the city as a treasure trove of events and collecting brand new experiences.

Amidst all he does, I don't know how he finds time to make my lunch, sit in with Letterman's band on the non-slide trombone and also run the Virtual Calligraphy lettering studio on top of all that. It's pretty inspiring and I'm glad to have him here.

The Spidey-Office also heard from: Harlie O'Neal; Ryan Pike from Calgary; Oliver Villar; Alex Walason; Skyland Fisher; Dylan Riley; Jeffrey Hart Peterson (Sorry you hate the Osborn hair. I think it's incredibly distinctive); Jason Jackson (who wants a Spidey Omnibus starting with issue #546—anyone else?); Francesco Vanagolli; Ken McFarlane; Lex Thompson; Marcelino Padrón Paláu; Kevin Nichols Davis; David Strickhouser; Jesus Feliciano, and Rodrigo Cano.

See you in a couple weeks for the conclusion of "Who Was Ben Reilly"!

Viva Templar!
Simperin' Steve
10/1/09 – Give 'em hell, Grandpa Clarence.

Send e-mail to SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM (please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)